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Friday May 12.

GLASLYN-CHATHAM
PARK PLACE
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
NATHAN L. JONES

My dear Miss Tarbell:

Having reached page 155 in your enchanting recounting of days past - every word of which is pregnant with interest to us because of your outstanding achievement - and because of the keen personal interest we have had in you as one of mother's most beloved friends. I cannot read another word without writing to tell you so.

We are proud to own a first edition and have pasted in the fly leaf your letter to my sister, Ethelyn, acknowledging a ~~paper~~ book she sent you that once belonged to our mother - attached also are clippings we have gathered about the book - one we culled from our own Buffalo Evening News.

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Referring to your interest in all
Sir John data here is a story quite
antique in fact and fiction but
here it is.

Sir John asked a young lady to dance
and said with hesitation. "I want to
dance the worst way in the world."
To which she replied "You do."

I recall, somewhat vaguely,
seeing and admiring you at a distance
when you came back to Titusville in
a visit. I think, when your mother
was living and your sister Sara
was with her. I recall, too, going as
a very young girl on some errand
to see your sister Sara. who took
me up to her own room. I was
mightily impressed by a conversation with a real artist. little
realizing at the time that I
should later spend most of my
life with me my own sister, Ethelyn

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Then I have in mind a meeting with you after a talk you gave at the First Presbyterian Church in Buffalo and your disappointment in not being able to have you with us for tea. You were struggling at the time with a severe cold. This was when mother was ill and away from home in 1926 or 1927.

Later we met you in the threshold of the dining room of 18 Gramercy Park South - now the Parkside Hotel. Mother was thrilled to be alive and well and so happy to see you again after so many years. Do you remember? She was talking to you of her pride in your fine career and you said something like this in reply - turning to my sister and me "Well Jennie, you possess something that I do not possess - I have

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never forgotten - I never shall -

Before mother died she wrote the story of her life - (quite graphically) Elbertyn would love to have it published but does not know what steps to take.

I enclose a snap shot of mother - I have many better pictures but happen to have this one with me while I am away from home. Enclosed also are two short verses she wrote - I love them because they were hers -

Convalescing from a long illness myself I find myself unable to sing and play as much as I always have so I have revived in writing some sketches of people I have met in passing - Altho I think to do it I am sending two of them to you - in this letter

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-part with it for long.

Will you ever come to Buffalo? I hope so! Perhaps in your return to your home from Allegheny College - where I understand you are lecturing - we would love to have you with us for dinner - lunch or tea -

Ethelyn joins me in sincere greetings to you and your sister.

Cordially yours -

Fredricka Pratt Cobb.

508 Franklin St. - Buffalo N. Y.

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During my two or three weeks stay at this very quiet — very pleasant hotel — I am gambling in sunshine to retrieve that elusive something called "health".

So as I rest in the afternoons looking to the not-far-distant future when I can again be of active assistance in our Treasure Island Shop — I read of you and it brings me cheer — How much I cannot adequately say. So you, too, have helped me to pick up the threads of my life loom and to weave again the pattern, though somewhat changed in design, is still full of color and an enlarged interest in life and people.

When we have finished reading your book we shall loan it to our choicest friends, somewhat reluctantly perhaps because we are loath to

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May 24 - 1933

My address Book

I audit my address book once a year
To see which friends are gone
which friends are here
I hesitate, regretful to erase
Some name, beloved
And tearful, write another in its place.
Jennie Pratt Cobb

And on Aug. 20. 1930

My Mothers' Hands..

Dear hands - how they did toil for me!
Before I ever came to be
They fashioned tiny garments me to wear -
My Mothers' hands -

Their magic touch - a panacea seemed -
with healing - and with vital strength
they teemed -

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So soft, so warm, so fair
my mother's hands -

How pale, how thin, how old!
I clasped them in my own
- when they were cold.

Loved God - I could but once again
enfold
my mother's hands -

Jennie Pratt Cobb

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A cross town street New York City -
A small flower stall on the curb -
Banks of sweet spring lilacs -
A kindly shop keeper -

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I = "How beautiful - How fragrant"

He = "You remind me of a country woman"

Feeling quite smart in a new tailored suit I must have looked a bit surprised - a bit wilted. Hastening to reassure me -

He = "Pardon - madam - I mean you seem so free, so much like out of doors"

I = "I did not breakfast in springtime under a tall white lilac tree for years for nothing"

The flood of sweet reminiscent perfume submerged me - Blotted out the man - the stall - the busy tiresome city street. I buried my face in the lilacs while hot tears dropped in the blossoms.

He = "The salt water will not harm my flowers - It will do them good"

I. "Any charge - for stolen scent"

I cannot buy now as I walk the city

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streets for hours in business and the flowers will wilt -

He "None, madam - will exchange salt tears for the perfume."

Having my hair cut - in the beauty shop of a large N. Y. Department store -

I — "You get tired cutting their heads"?

Franko (Italian barber) = "Yes - madam"

This in soft Italian inflection = accent on the "yes" -

I - "Wouldn't you rather sometimes cut their throats?"

Franko (smiling sweetly = "Yes madam" -

I = affecting an Italian finish to my words "How much costa to cutta mime"

Franko - "Your head or your throat, madam?"

I = "My head of course" - One dollar - or seventy five cents? Which? I insist."

Franko = "Can no say till finish".

I = "It is unfair! You do not know my head - I do not know your price - all is left to chance."

Franko = "It is vera good - but it is no

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chance madam - I cutta good"

So he cuts -

I = "Parla Italiana" ?"

IDEO ET PATRIAE
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He (delighted) "Si, Si"

So Franko and I talka Italiana - we talka nusseek - we discuss my "bianchi capelli" (white hair)

He - "Do not say navair mine your bianchi capelli - eet is vair beautiful."

I - "So?"

He - "Yes, madam".

I - "Ah! But there is a fine head in the next booth - blond - knitting".

He - "But, prego - pardon, madam - a hat, and hair - no head! We know".

I - "So?"

He - "Yes, madam".

Franko is finished - the last clip - the last pat - the last scrutinizing - sidelong glance

I - "E finito? Boriana" - (Is it finished - good!)

He - "Si, Si"

I - "Seventy cents or one dollar?"

He = with knitting smile "To You madam, seventy five cent".

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